

# B.A.R.

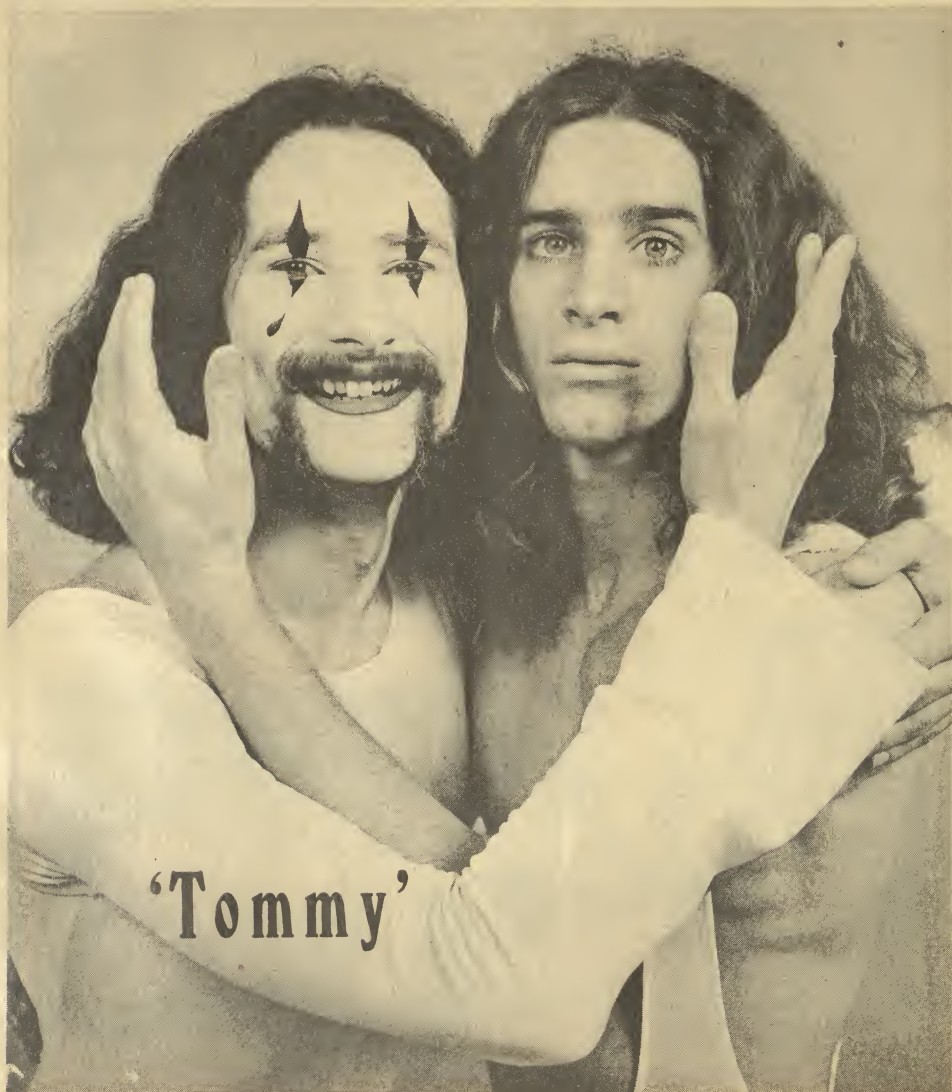
YOUR COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

FREE

## BAY AREA REPORTER

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 7

JULY 1, 1971



# THE GREAT RACE '71

## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORTS

Well gang another year has passed and so has this aging sportster. Or at least almost!!! Sunday, June 13th, 1971, it so happens, was designated Bay Bummers Cross City Skate Day. Or (Look out San Francisco, 100 Jean Claude Kiley's on ROLLER SKATES are about to descend on your, whether you're ready or not and neither are they).

George Banda, originator of this classic event, was on hand looking very dapper in his Referee type shirt. Rules spewd from his mouth as he stood at the rear of his Ranchero like Casey Stengle in the Bull Pen. As he spoke to those of us who were about to take part in this, (another of many) GRAND PRIX of the roller skating set, he filled us with such inspiration that I was al-

most sick. Especially when in answer to my question, was an ambulance in readiness all along the route, he laughed uncontrollably. Fortunately I had had presence of mind not to flatter my inner sports like feelings and hope to make it all the way from THE PENDULUM to the finish line at JACKSON'S. There were those who did however. That Mavis, you know, the three time winner? Well let me tell you, that girl has no charity. Could she let some of us think we might have a chance? Huh!!! She went the entire route in 35 minutes flat. The same time it took me to find out which skate went on which foot. Now really Mavis, winner take all and all that but my dear . . .

There were tons of contestants in this year's meet. Most were dressed for the occasion as is fitting an event of such magnitude. The team from DORI'S, (which I might add won first place as a Team) were subtly dressed in sedate Sunday Drag, complete with fuchsia hued coifs instigated by, you guessed it, REBA. She coached her team with aplomb. Another team, the Skandal



SKANDAL SKATERS



MAVIS - THE WINNER



REBA AND DORI'S TEAM



Skaters from THE ROYAL SCANDALS, wore Red Patten Knickers and Vests with the Royal Insignia on them. They also carried what appeared to be newsboy bags with big red lips on them. Inside they carried flyers for their forth coming show. One would think with their duties involving flyer passing for P.R. they would never have placed, but to our surprise, they came in second as a Team. Only because the team before them had failed to follow the rules.

Zooming up and down the hills of the Queen City certainly gave some of our up-tight neighbors along the way a lot of joy. I saw two little old men betting on some queen who had wrapped herself around a pole 7 or 8 times. I couldn't really tell what the bet was about since just at that moment MICHELLE was tearing down a wall of

ivy growing on Bay Street in a desperate attempt to maintain some semblance of balance before addressing Columbus Street.

Waiting at the finish line for some of the contestants to arrive was really a fun trip never to be described on these few pages. Straights and Gays alike were in convulsions of laughter which really didn't help those seriously engaged in trying to win. They were soon giggling and skating and gigling some more. Some lost track of the route and this morning I'm sure I saw some dizzy queen wearing silver crinkle ribbon hair, skooting down the MacArthur Freeway on her way to Berkeley. I hope someone told her before it was too late.

Those of you who missed the actual race, were probably on hand at JACKSON'S to greet the sportsters. If you

were, you probably had one of the most enjoyable afternoons in a long time. Bob, the piano player was up to his pits in singers and booze flowed freely. Our hats off to JACKSON'S for another successful and most enjoyable event. Next year maybe Dowager Empress SHIRLEY will try. We hear she is absolutely fantastic.



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HEAD COACH - GEORGE BANDA



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# B. A. R.

VOL. 1 NO. 7 JULY 1, 1971

## BAY AREA REPORTER

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### IN MEMORIAM

We would like to express our sympathy and deep loss for another beloved member of our community who is no longer with us. Jesse Aguila, one of the city's best liked entertainers. Jesse had played the piano for so long, that we took him for granted, now that he is gone, a void will stand where once a fine human being stood. We will all miss Jesse, and especially those who worked with him at the close of his life, the crew at the Jug-O-Punch. Now rest well, Jesse.



RALLY AT STATE CAPITAL-SACRAMENTO

### *an editorial*

There are many unsung heroes in our midst, these are the fighters in our community. They are the people who fight for you. They have thrown off their cloaks of middle class reticence and found a better way of life. They are free from all the sexual bugaboos, social taboos and religious fallacies. They have found themselves an inner peace of mind, completely free from stigma and fear. These people, nay heroes, cannot be harmed by the so-called establishment, because there is no fear that the authoritarians can use to silence them. This group quietly fights for you in court, in police stations, in business, in government and many times in public. Every now and then they ask for a little help from each and every one of us. They don't want us to speak, or make fools of ourselves, just show up and be counted. They try to show the public and government officials that we care, and that we too are human beings and would like some laws changed. They don't ask often, but when they do, don't you think we should have the common courtesy to show up, if not to be counted, then just to say thank you? When politicians like John Burton and Willie Brown can stand up and be counted, then why can't you? Is it really so much to ask, that you stand up and help the people who are willing to risk their reputations for you? Remember the next time you run to one of these people for help, when was the last time that you gave of yourself to help them or another human being????? We would like to remind you that even if you are uptight and afraid of your boss, job or neighbors, you still have the privacy of your voting booth, the least you can do is to exercise this right and vote for those in office who help us, and vote out of office all those who don't.....

*the editors*



# ROYAL SCANDALS

PRESENTED BY THE IMPERIAL COURT.



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4.<sup>00</sup> advance

5.<sup>00</sup> at door

**PLACE:**

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FILM by Terry Alan Smith

## 'Fortune and Men's Eyes' ...and Michael Greer

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES, presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with Wendell Burton, Michael Greer, Zooey Hall and Danny Freedman, screenplay by John Herbert, based upon his play, music by Galt Mac Dermot, directed by Harvey Hart, in Metrocolor, at the Music Hall, Larkin between Geary and Post Streets.

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES is not what you think it is. Not at all. What, on the stage, was a hard-hitting, consistently electrifying drama with interlaced, belted camp, has become—and you aren't ready for this—a delicate, soft-spoken, easy-going drama, constantly riding on the shoulders of whimsical humor, interlaced with outrageous—but *never ever* campy—humor, shaking unsteadily on the shoulders of classic tragedy. In this sense, FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES is completely unique. It takes a few minutes to become accustomed to the oh-so-natural style of the film. Things happen—things that in the ordinary sense of life would be quite dramatic—and everyone stays cool. Apathy reigns supreme. And we wonder, at first, why that dramatic scene wasn't done dramatically. Everyone talks just above a whisper. Even Queenie. Everyone. A boy is gang-raped in the mess hall and everyone is cool. Except the boy. And, of course, those in the heat of passion. But everyone else. Even the guards. No, wait! Someone *is* concerned. Someone *isn't* apathetic. Oh. It's only Smitty. He's new here. He hasn't lived life yet. At least not life in a pressure cooker like a

prison. "Why do they get away with it?," he asks. "Nobody stands in the way when a guy's getting his release.", Rocky replies, "Nobody". Not even the

guards.

You see, what John Herbert and Harvey Hart have chosen to do is to document prison life as it really is. Not so much the happenings, but the relationships. This is the basic difference between the stage production and the film. What emerges is life as we live it. Human beings all around us. Not the cliché of the hardened criminal: But life. Life with an undercurrent of humor. Life with a smattering of tragedy. Life is life is life. Fine. We're caught up and we're caught in the documentary feel of the film. But it's really unique in the field of documentation, too. Because we forget we're watching a documentary. We forget we're watching a film. We forget we're watching a play. We forget we're watching. We're really





involved, for the first time in myriads of films, *because* it's so real, *because* there are no caricatures, *because* this is life as it is lived: in prison or in our homes. But there is a difference. And it sneaks up on you. It begins gnawing at your bones and you don't realize it at first. Then there's an itch. Then ...OUCH! My God, the apathy! The APATHY! A boy is beaten to death and very little is made of it. No depressions. No traumas. A few casual jokes, yes. Not sad jokes, though. But not hilarious ones, either. No one cares. But Smitty. And yet the theme of the film is resolved when Smitty no longer cares, either. When Smitty becomes apathetic, so goes the world—if the world were inside these prison walls. And a half-hour before, you were fascinated by the film, but uncommitted . . . you thought. A little twinge here and there, maybe. But uncommitted. The last few minutes and you feel a little disturbed. The film is over and you stand up and your legs wobble. And your nerves are a little frayed. And you feel a little queasy. And they've succeeded: the horrors of prison aren't so much what you thought they were, after all. Oh, the *brutality* of the guards when uncalled-for and the *apathy* of the guards when *called-for* is bad enough. And the political system of the prisoners themselves is difficult, but man adjusts to most any environment. Boredom seems to be the worst, really. But what really happens—the penultimate horror of it all—is that no one cares . . . not for long. And everyone dies—within. Now and then one or another of the prisoners is aggravated to the point where *he* cares . . . about *himself* and his feelings of the moment. And we care and we are temporarily shook-up and our hearts beat at the same double tempo as his. But we're not inside. And nobody inside cares. We can see that, as clear as the day sneaks through the prison bars, perhaps for the first time in the long history of prison dramatization.

To begin with the cast, it's uniformly excellent. If you're not sure at first, listen more carefully. That's not a strange voice you're hearing. Or a strange face you're watching. You know him. And him. And . . . why, you know them all. They're all around you, everyday. ZAP! You're committed. But the



point of this paragraph is to talk about Michael Greer. Michael Greer, the life of the party. Michael Greer, always on. Michael Greer, who has developed from a run-of-the-country comic to Michael Greer, one of the greatest comedians alive today. Yes, I know Michael Greer and no, I'm not prejudiced. I've seen him be so bad, I've wanted to walk out. Years ago, in clubs, but bad nonetheless. I've been embarrassed for him in a film of late. But *because* I know him, I'm afraid I sit there with a "show-me" attitude everytime he's on. Therefore, it is my opinion (and a myriad of others) that he is one of the greatest comedians alive today. Now, my point is this: you all know this, you've all laughed 'til you cried, been overwhelmed 'til you cheered and in the stage version of FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES, he gave the performance of his career. A performance born of the nightclub stage: outrageous, hilarious camp (high and low) and genuine theatrical drama that produced power you didn't expect. He shifted from one to the other. ZIP. ZAP. ZOP. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Each was effective and even brilliant, one after the other after the other. Back to back to back. Good. Queenie was a queen. Good. Queenie was also tough. Good. Real, convincing, hilarious, powerful. But *now!* I don't believe it! More than I expected. More than I wanted, Michael has developed into a magnificent actor. Not good, mind you. But fantastic! His Queenie in the film is a queen and tough and a camp, but . . . and I swear I thought it was impossible for nearly any actor to do . . . he has achieved that delicate balance . . . that

illusive, delicate balance between the facets of Queenie's personality. He is not a queen *and* a tough con, but a consistent mixture of the two. The facets are all there, always, at the same time, and each bubbles over or thrusts out in its own time, but they're all there on view *all* the time. Like the film's style as a whole: drama on the shoulders of humor, humor on the shoulders of tragedy. As an example, remember Queenie's drag number at the Christmas party? On the stage, it was hilarious, outrageous, campy and a socko showstopper. Now its outrageous and campy, but goddamn it, why do we sit there and cry? Because it's incredibly pathetic: the piano is two-beats behind (Catch up, will you? Please!) and his hostility is coming out between his thighs as they bump and grind and his teeth are clinched behind the pepsodent smile. And goddamn it, nobody cares... not even him. But we do. Do we ever.

And goddamn it, Michael Greer, I'm impressed with you again . . . more than ever . . . and in spite of myself. And because performers like you make my soul breathe, I love you with all my heart.

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Kissed by seven seas,  
Still hoarse for distant lands.*

*Let me soar  
Above the ceaseless roar  
That dies upon the sands.*

*Let me feel the turn  
Of a new spring morn  
Blowing across the ocean.*

*Let me stand on the rocks  
Among the docks  
And watch the sea in motion.*

*Let me lend a light that saves  
In the thunder of waves  
Crashing against the shore.*

*Let me stand firm in the fight  
Against the ignorant night  
That hurls a rocky floor.*

\* \* \*

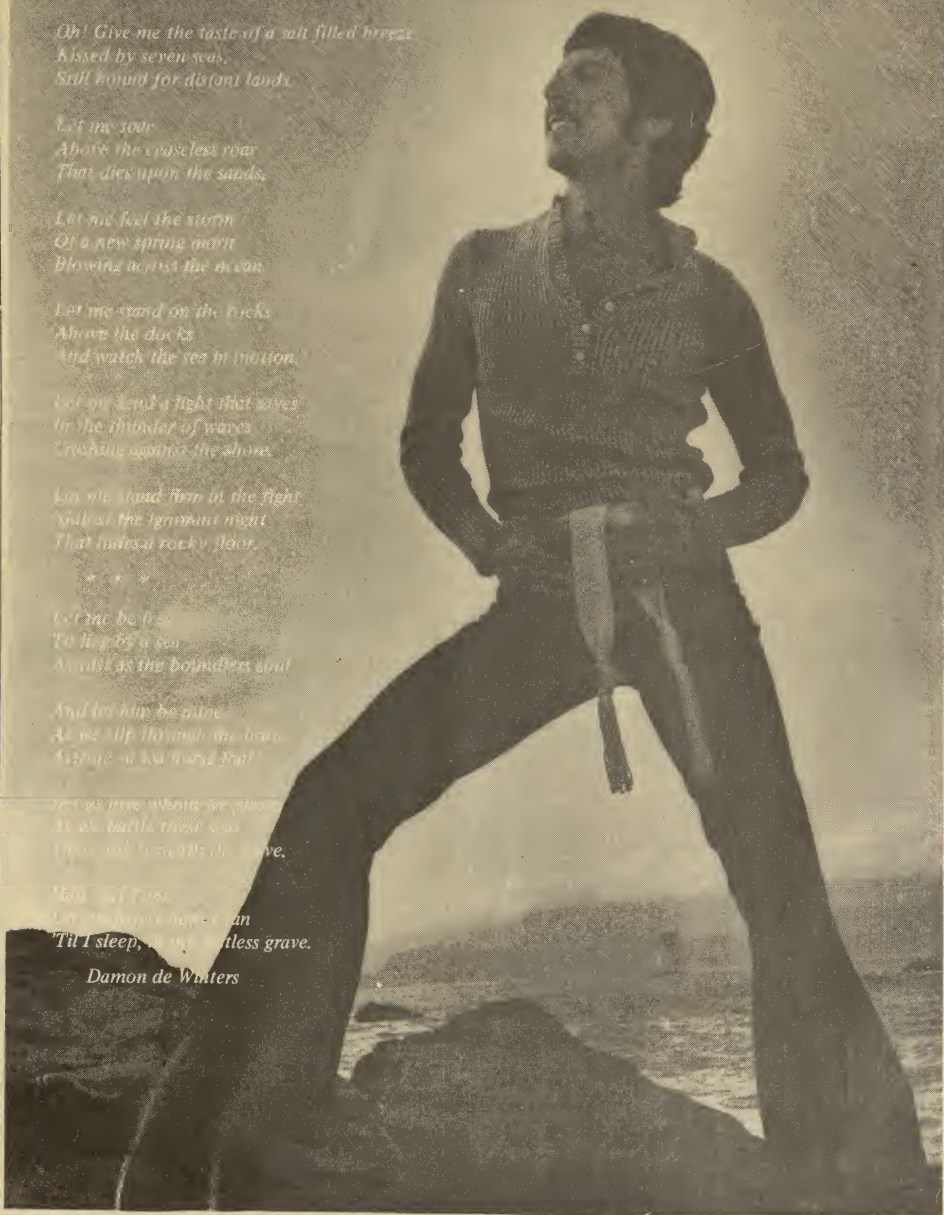
*Let me be free  
To live by a sea  
As wild as the boynaders and*

*And let him be mine  
As we slip through the brine  
Among a lot of sea rail.*

*Let us live where we please  
To see battle there and  
To see our hearts die.*

*Let us live  
Let us live  
Till I sleep, in a restless grave.*

Damon de Winters







*Minnie  
Motor  
Mouth*

Would you believe (shades of Lou Greene) the Tenderloin entry in JACK-SON'S Roller Derby—Terry of the GOLDEN DOOR, came in ninth, last Saturday. Pat Montclair, Terry Taylor and Vicki Marlane (all in drag as boys) ran chasing the poor boy the whole route so he had to skate fast. Running is great for staying slim but all that way? These people have to be insane. The scene at the Finish Line was something else and only surpassed by the expressions on the faces of tourists and L.O.L.'s as the skaters shot by them. That hill down Bay Street was too much though and almost proved the undoing of several skaters. Mavis, the all time winner, hit the intersection of Bay and Columbus on a red light but darted and zigzagged right on through, you would have been amazed to have heard the remarks hurled at him by drivers and occupants of cars suddenly forced to brake to a stop. Their provocative descriptive adjectives were "right on" but why did they have to add *crazy* or *dizzy* to them? I was going to try out some jet skates provided for me but the sky rockets turned out to be duds so I gave up two blocks from the start at the PENDULUM. You just can't trust anyone these days and I had been promised that with jets assistance I could win.

signs  
flyers  
banners  
posters

**Lou  
Greene**  
626-8484

THE TRAPP is having a Gala "Meet the Debutante" party on Saturday, June 26th at 7 P.M. Can't remember when this bar has really gone all out like this. Free limousine service also. This will be hosted by the Princess Royal, Fanny and the Royal Princess Maxine (almost slipped there). Lincoln, Bobby Allison, Lenny, and all the regular bartenders will be on hand. If not working, I'll miss my guess if someone doesn't deb Stanley Cant through as he has given up white for the year. THE TRAPP is one of the most popular bars, in the area and a crowd is promised to all that choose to promenade.

Up the street THE GRUBSTAKE is not idle and have at least one Deb that I know of. Can't be Donna, Bubbles, or John and who have I forgotten? Oh yes! It might be Randy. This hamburger heaven has the best food (hamburgers that is) in the city and no matter what hour of the day it is always crowded by people from every area. You'd be amazed at who you will see in there 2 P.M. or 2 A.M. If you haven't tried it, you should. The crew running it are a gas also and there is no cover charge for

the entertainment. Please pay when served.

I understand that Dennis of the RENDEZVOUS is coming up with some sort of promotion very soon that should put the Big "R" on every street in the city. Sounds good and should be great—we look forward to seeing it soon.

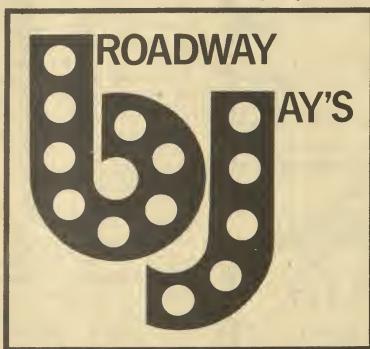
Often here, lately, I've heard complaints about only the drags getting in the articles in the paper. Perhaps the reason is that they are the only one's actively involved (outwardly) in the community and their activities bring them to everyone's attention. The mere fact that some are complaining proves how effective they are. What is it they say? "When they stop talking about you it is time to worry!" I'm sure all of the other groups have much to offer the community and are welcome to publicity for their endeavors if they will make them known.

THE ROYAL SCANDALS draws closer and I can't wait to see what it's all about. I understand the Dowagers can't either.

See ya there  
Minnie Motormouth

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**at the club dori**

The Riff Raff ranks as one of the city's more eye-catching restaurants.... Most gay restaurants seem to have excellent soups, but here they are fabulous... and nowhere else have I had such thick, creamy blue chesse dressing... price on entre is price of dinner, but the entre alone is well worth the charge.

*Advocate—April 13, 1971*



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ASTROLOGY by El Scorp

## Cancer Takes Care

Warm, self-sacrificing, human and kind are the marvelous attributes of Cancer the Crab, the zodiacal sign which really cares. And what Cancerians care about the most is their home environment. They nurture and protect the home things of family and loved ones. And they lavish this care with all the solicitude of a very fond and indulgent mother. They bustle about with all elbows going, wanting nothing more than to care for those they love, do all the chores, provide the wonderfully nutritious meals, make sure that everything is warm and cozy, that overcoats are buttoned and galoshes are worn on rainy days.

The crab symbol for Cancerians is highly appropriate however, the crab scurrying along, building a hard shell to hide the soft and vulnerable interior which can be too emotional. So the Cancerian can also be a very shy and retiring person. Fret and worry are no strangers here. They can worry about what to worry about if there is nothing to worry about. Every molehill has a fine chance to become a mountainous problem. And they will brood themselves into ulcers. Normally they themselves tend to eat with good appetites and enjoy the good foods they can prepare. The Cancerian man just loves the kitchen and is at home in it. Yet Cancerians are prone to digestive ailments and stomach problems. They also bump and injure their elbows with all their restless movement.

The planetary signifier for Cancerians is the Moon. And the Moon in anyone's chart also signifies the Mother. So Cancer is a sign which expresses maternity. Whatever a Cancerian really cares about, he does so in an emotional, unifying and sometimes in a smothering manner. For those people who never will be weaned, the Cancerian provides the greatest of gifts. With no effort at all the Cancerian is a mother.

But the changeable and restless Moon adds its influence to the Cancerian native. The Moon which moves so fast touches off every mundane affair by turn, activating each for about two and a half days on its regular twenty-eight day path around every chart. Influenced by the Moon, the Cancerian suffers his changes of mood, fortunes fluctuate, and every two or three days the battle is fought on yet another level. But the Cancerian can retire to his home, especially to his kitchen. The happier will he be if he lives in a corner house or apartment and it faces northward.

The Cancerian is romantic and intuitive toward the needs of romance. Not always happiest when married, the Cancerian must have someone to care for. Because Cancer is a water sign and gets along well with the two

other water signs, Scorpio and Pisces, it does not mean that everything is roses. The duality of Scorpio and Scorpio's adventurousness bothers Cancer just as the vague elusiveness of Pisces is hardly a source of joy. When Cancer is retreating, perhaps wanting to be followed, Pisces is running in the other direction.

The signs which the normal Cancerian had best avoid are Aires and Libra. The noisy aggressiveness is just too much for the quiet Cancerian, and the total lack of indecision of Libra provides the Cancerian with an annoyance best forgotten, for with a Libran the Cancerian must make all the decisions.

Cancers best foil and best compliment is Capricorn. Only too frequently do opposite signs provide the complimentary qualities. Capricorn is ambitious, and Capricorn is shy. Capricorn knows best how to get the best qualities out of anyone (knows, in fact, how best other people may be used). Capricorn is the executive which Cancer needs, and Capricorn is the only sign who can never be smothered by the excessive care of a Cancerian's love. But, even more than that, it is Capricorn who is capable of caring back to the Cancerian, of appreciating all the Cancerian qualities, and can bring to the Cancerian all the qualities and the very necessary practicality which the Cancerian lacks.

Now, if it has been once said, let it again be said to those who are new to this column. Remarks which are here made and aimed at the person born under the sign of Cancer or with the Sun in Cancer, are also applicable to all persons who have Cancer rising in their charts, and to some extent applicable to those who have the Moon in Cancer (where the Moon is at its strongest and most effective), or to those who have a strong concentration of planets in the sign of Cancer. In the paragraphs which follow, read your Sun sign for your forecast for the weekend of the Fourth of July. But, if you know your rising or ascending sign, read that instead.

One last Cancerian word. If you would make a Cancerian happy, or if you do not know what to give for the impending birthday, anything for the home makes the nicest present for the Cancerian. Pearl and onyx are the Cancerian stones (rubies being priceless and not usually mentioned these days). Remember that whatever else you might give, green, silver and aquamarine are the favorite Cancerian colors.

The weekend of July Fourth is upon us, and a nice long weekend it is going to be. Many will stretch four days into five, and some will begin their long annual vacations.



Of these, Gemini will have the best time of it and may even feel more like leaving on Thursday. They will, of course, be disappointed for a little while that certain other people cannot go with them. But they will have the necessary money and the desire to go to faraway places. Sagittarians may also feel like vacationing, but this is a time for Sagittarians to plan vacations, but, for the time being, to stay put.

**ARIES:** You will want to stick around home right now and make those home improvements. There may be some disappointment to do with your career as you head into the weekend. For solace, see only close friends. Take care that everyone shares expenses. Sunday and Monday will be your best days. Avoid troublesome people on Saturday, particularly late at night. Adapt to a possible change of plans on Sunday evening, and socialize quietly and only during the early hours of Monday.

**TAURUS:** Although Saturday will not be a particularly good day, the weekend should get off to a fine start on Friday. Sunday and Monday will turn out well for you. Your business life should be in good shape, so you may want to go off for a short weekend trip. These will contain some elements of disappointment. Include close friends in these jaunts. Take careful note of their needs on Saturday. Avoid quarrels with them. The best trip will be a Sunday trip, and Sunday is good for socializing. Use the latter hours of Monday for rest and recuperation.

**GEMINI:** Since your own money situation is pretty good now, you ought to take a long trip or vacation. It would be wise of you to use this time to plan ahead, to study ways and means of doing what you want to do in the immediate future. As usual your interest is in communication with people and a desire to expand your mind. This is a time when you should think out how you can help others, thereby helping yourself at the same time. Watch for anything which might effect your health adversely on Saturday. Sunday and Monday will be fine days for you when you will feel better, be more inclined to socialize with close friends or a partner, giving them the attention which they expect of you.

**CANCER:** This whole weekend should be very fine for you. This is the time when your personal initiative is high, and you can expect a great deal from persons close to you in the way of pleasure and affection and help. There may be some disappointment from a close partner. However, the weekend begins very favorably and progresses on a very high note of pleasurable optimism. You will certainly be very much on top of every situation and have only to watch your diet Sunday evening and Monday. On Monday others around you may take over the reins of leadership, and you may be called upon to do some real helping out.

**LEO:** If you are not married, this is unfortunate, for this would be a very good time for you to concern yourself with a close partner. As always, you can be depended upon to carry the field, but problems of all sorts are

your concern this weekend. Perhaps you should stay home this weekend. People around you are going to create some pressures. Friday and Saturday are definitely at home days. Try to be tactful and quietly unperturbed by it all. Your routine is sure to be disturbed, but Monday and Tuesday will be fine days for you, when having taken care of your health and your home environment, you will find yourself free to really think, plan and accomplish.

**VIRGO:** As usual, your health and efficiency and your abilities to serve others are going to preoccupy your weekend. Friday will not be a particularly good day until the evening hours. Your relationships with friends and co-workers are going to be prominent, but your love life may suffer a little disappointment, probably made the greater if you expect it to assume magnified proportions. Stick to whatever action plan you devise, and do not go off at tangents. You can handle problems well this weekend. Stick to more mental activities and not taking proper care of yourself.

**LIBRA:** Your prime concern right now is your business career and your love life. You certainly will want to socialize a great deal this weekend, for things around home are bound to be not all that you would have them be. And money is what it will probably cost you. At least on Friday and Saturday evenings keep a goodly grip on the purse strings. You are bound to permit generosity to express. You will be fortunate in your dealings with your friends and neighbors, but save making decisions until Tuesday. Also avoid Sunday evening travel.

**SCORPIO:** Only with a few problems around the fringes, this will be a very nice weekend for you. And about time, too. Although your routine may be somewhat upset, your home life is of primary interest and your mind is really working well. Your initiative is high as the weekend gets started. You are sure to be a center of interest. Friday and Saturday are really fine days for you, but do not lapse into moodiness Saturday evening. Sunday you come forth again despite the previous evening, but as you go into Sunday evening and Monday, money is going to assume some importance. You may spend more than planned, you may get some on which you had not planned. Business and career interests are going well now.

**SAGITTARIUS:** Money will be a little disappointing right now for those short trips you will want to be making. Your routine work and communications with close relatives and neighbors are foremost in your mind. Give these priority. Devote yourself to relaxation. Perhaps it would really be best if you stay at home and plan for future trips. Your health really needs attention this weekend, and, even if Monday begins well, this month has not started out too well for you. All caution is recommended.

**CAPRICORN:** Everybody having money problems really is nothing compared to this whole month for you where money making and spending are going to be very important to you. You go into the weekend fairly well, socializing with friends both Friday and Saturday. But Sunday and Monday are definitely retirement days, days when you should hide out and avoid trouble. Through Sunday afternoon should still be pretty good, but retire from the scene earlier in the evening. From then on do everything you can to stay out of trouble. Your personal initiative is not really working for you.

**AQUARIUS:** You will find yourself in one of your really vigorous periods where you want to do things and want to get ahead. How you will be able to tear yourself away from your work on Friday will be a mystery, for you will want to keep right on going. Your health will be at a high, and you will just want to keep going right through Saturday. Watch out for Saturday evening when there will be some tendency to encounter rather unusual and unpredictable or unreliable people. This will be a work weekend all the way. Continue to cool it with the people you meet on Monday evening.

**PISCES:** This weekend, indeed, this whole month, is a good time for you to tie up unfinished work and pending problems. You are sure to feel the weight of strange incapacities to deal with your own problems and those of your friends at this time. But since your health will be pretty good, it is just possible that you will finally accomplish your way out of the paper bag in which you have lately been finding yourself. Friends may disappoint you on Friday. And you have to watch out for accidents on Saturday evening. Sunday will be spent in quiet introspection. By Monday, despite the holiday, you may find yourself tired and still hard at work.

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# Auntie Mildred's

*Gourmet Capers*



# Savoy-Tivoli

Here we go again, turning back the clock. This restaurant is on one of those outstanding streets in San Francisco where, if you did not know where you were, you could be in, Paris, London, The Village in N.Y., or Upper "Grant Ave." in "Bagdad by the Bay". The name itself for me is romantic. It conjures up nostalgia in the form of, silent films, the Black Bottom, or maybe "Dollie Levy" descending that staircase at the "Harmonia Gardens". One could not really refer to the SAVOY as a gay establishment, the clientele is very colorful, by their labels we can observe hippies, beatniks, squares, gays, and of course, the staff. Our bartender was Peter, a very nice fellow with a rather sober attitude, and also there was Duke who is always very pleasant. We had a couple of drinks at the bar and let the feeling of the room come over us. We were greeted warmly by our little friend and waiter, Douglas. He escorted us to our table, near a little fountain, and we enjoyed one of the best meals I have had in a long time, not that the food was so fantastic, but everything blended so very nicely. The service, the atmosphere, and the price is certainly right.

### LATEX LILY'S

This delightful little restaurant serves lunch. The bill of fare is standard, salads, sandwiches, spaghetti, with some rather diverting titles you can order anything from a Skinny Lily to a Lady Lamont. They are located at 209 Stevenson, off of Third Street and open

from 11:00 to 10:00; closed Saturday and Sunday. Carl and Bob are very congenial hosts and the very nice John, John, formerly of Gold Street.

### HORS D'OEUVRE

Scoop—You all remember the "Giants" that fine group of entertainers that used to be at the FANTASY now known as the ALLEY CAT. Well they have enlarged their group and they are now called the "Good Humor Company" and they will be on Carol Burnett's Show, June 29th.

The Tavern Guild voted to give financial support to the "Sonoma 7".

Look for the opening soon on Polk Street of the new western bar to be called POLK ALONG. It used to be known as the MAPLE LEAF. Good luck to Bill and Frank of the HOUSE OF HARMONY.

July 11th is the date for Jay Sutherland and Rick Lane at the BAJOU LOUNGE in Redwood City.

I think it's a shame that Greta Grass, who works at the lovely BAJ on Bay must supplement his income working at the lovely JACKSON'S around the corner on his days off. Of course that drag does run into money.

What past Royalty of San Francisco had to be bailed out the other A.M. for not paying those traffic tickets—shame, shame.

How sad that Erik, the very fine maitre'd at the P.S., on Polk will be leaving same, for an extended?

"Dirty Edna" has this idea that he



wants to turn the AMBASSADOR BAR at Eddy and Mason, "Eddie Kaufman" I love you but I have my reservations, Good luck anyway.

It's election time for the Board of Directors for the Tavern Guild. Remember if you do not vote, you have no right to bitch.

What bar owner in San Francisco has "threatened" some of his employees with the ax if they patronize his competition? Wow, if you know who you are, I say to hell with you. That's almost as bad as the bar owner that is known to have put barbituates in his bartenders drinks because he thought it was funny. Yes my dears, there are bartenders in the city that are not "Heads".

Opening July 13th, the new room at the P.S. called POST SIDE featuring Allan Lloyd and Co. in "The Show" The P.S. also has a gal by the name of "Marie McGill" Wednesday thru Saturday in their main bar.

If you dig Picasso, If you have ever seen Dunham's Dancers, if you can imagine Stravinsky in rock feeling—run don't walk to Lone Mountain Theatre and see "Tommy". There is a lot of magic in that show. Take a pillow, the seats are hard and wear something cool as it gets very warm.

You should hear the all male chorus of "Spoonful of Sugar" slated for July 10-16-17-18 at THE VILLAGE. The selection of music, along with the talent of Denise Moreen is a little more magic, along with Ellen Gallagher, Fred Howell, Jay Sutherland, Vasilly Legers and guest star David Kelsey.

TOTIES, TOTIES, TOTIES, that new bar on Larkin has a real group of do-er's, no matter what the event, the club is sure to be represented. They were the best group at the picnic. No wonder, with Rex on their team.

The "Coits" have their fifth annual COITILLION at THE VILLAGE June 26th and as usual with their events it looks like a sell out.

ROYAL SCANDALS at the COVERED WAGON July 3rd and 4th.

Charles Pierce did indeed play to standing room only. The sentiment was so heavy that I was reminded of the Judy Garland days.

How sad that J.J., the bartender from the FOX was let go. He added so much to the place.

#### COMMENT

In the June *Vector* there is an outstanding article by Martin Stow called the "Gay and the Powerful." Mr. Stow uses as a base for his article the recent survey by the Chronicle and also a similar pole by "Farwest Research."

He speaks of the three or more power structures, mainly political, financial, and religious.

In reading this article, I could not keep the thought from my mind that in our homophile community we have allowed very definite blocks to form. We have the Tavern Guild which is quite successful, in the organization of the bars and restaurants in the Bay Area. Then we have Society for Individual Rights, again very successful in the social area of our community and also the political arena. The newest organization is the Metropolitan Community Church. Again quite successful, in the Bay Area, even tho their success has been much greater in the L.A. area.

Not so many years ago the homo had no one to turn to, and many people to fear. Now we have organizations, not only, the three I have mentioned but many more, fighting for everything

from our vote, to our dollar to our soul. This I believe is all well and good. But I cannot help but feel that we could accomplish so much more in a much shorter period of time if these organizations could come together and work together for what they all agree on, on the surface. I know for a fact that the communication between these three particular groups is not good. I would only address myself to the men in the position of influence in San Francisco. We have succeeded where others have failed, we have gone where angels fear to tread. Yes let the record speak for itself, you and the many fine people before you, who have given of your time so unselfishly have done a good job. But for the sake of the record, for the sake of the community, for the future of the homosexual, all over the world, I pray you do not limit yourself. Keep the doors open, come closer together, fight the short sighted "bigot" in our midst that would limit us to a token integration. I dream that one day, San Francisco's organizations will sit at one table, pulling on their best resources for the betterment of all men.

## Problems of growing urgency

**'SOLVED.'**



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# 'Tommy': a Gorgeous Number!

by Terry Alan Smith

TOMMY, a mixed-media production of the rock opera written by *The Who*, at Lone Mountain College, in the WAGE, 2800 Turk Street, Tuesday through Friday at 8:30, Saturday at 8:30 and 10:45. Tickets available at all Ticketron Locations or Lone Mountain College A.S.B. Office, 752-9857.

TOMMY is the most gorgeous, exciting and completely satisfying number in town. You notice it right away: as you enter, you see all the beautiful people who inhabit the cast: the girls in virgin-white, flowing dresses, the boys in white, skin-tight leotards with no shirts. They are exercising and playing and we revel in their child-like abandon. Then, the rock group begins to play the score with the same excitement you might expect from a "live" performance by *The Who*, themselves (even the French Horn is there). The singers begin and they communicate the lyrics with total verbal clarity—every word as clear as a bell—and they sing the songs from their hearts and souls. A sadistic lyric, like *Cousin Keven*, is sung with whip-lash in their voices, a caustic lyric, like *Fiddle About*, is sung with all the sarcasm they can muster, *Acid Queen* is sung with sensuousness and a tantalization that makes you want to try her wares yourself. Conversely, Tommy's *See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Heal Me* is sung with such pathos, you find yourself reaching out to him.

The dancers are phenomenal! Not once does *any* member of the company lack grace. They move around the central figures like so many ghosts or, more accurately, mirrors of Tommy's mind. The silent mime Tommy meets in his mind, who guides him through the performance (Andrew Woodd), enters by slithering down a series of multi-level platforms as effortlessly as a snake. The mime's concern for Tommy and Tommy's experiences—both real and imagined—is so touchingly communicated, we fall in love with him. He is truly a once-in-a-lifetime companion to Tommy and, through Tommy's mind's eye, to us. His make-up is that of a magnificent Grand Guignol figure and I'll always remember him in *my* mind's eye.

Tommy, himself, is a haunting figure. As played by John Loschmann, he is always in character, always caught up in a collage of images, groping his way through them, but not seeing any of them. The look in his eyes, as he stares our way, but fails to see us, the incredible energy in his dancing, the precision of his movements and his phenomenal grace, while in constant motion for the entire performance, will haunt me for years to come—especially the look in his eyes: of wonder, of not understanding, of desperation, of hoping... He communicated to me like few other performers have and I'll never forget it. He is indelibly burned into my memory.

But here's the thing that will really blow your mind: The director, John Pasqualetti, has provided images to interpret the lyrics beyond your wildest imagination. And not just one. And not just every now and then. But every goddamn moment, back to back, unrelentingly, his genius is there for you to behold. At the beginning, when Tommy is born, and is flung out from under the skirts of his mother to lie in a crumpled heap, center stage, your mouth drops open, wider than you can ever remember. And before you can close it, another image, stronger and—more important—right! You know it's right. You

feel it's right. "Yes! Yes! That's it!", you scream inside yourself. And you have barely the presence of mind to breathe. And the thoughts of cigarettes, sex, air conditioning are gone—and you don't care. You don't even remember such things and you watch and you cry because each visual image is so beautiful and there's that music climbing up your spine and those lyrics shaking your mind around and you think, "I can't take such beauty, such excitement! I want to run out of the theatre and back into the world of mediocrity where even *one* scene like *any* one in this production would be enough to make me thank the muse!" But it goes on: Tommy and his reflection (a girl—the other half of his Astral Body?—oooh!) in the mirror play and smile at each other and she pulls him through and he plays with her friends on the other side. Then. They smash the mirror. His mirror. The joy in his life—the *only* joy. And she dies. His reflection. And they carry her off and you hear the funeral chant for her. But Tommy doesn't cry. We do.

At the end, when Tommy insists that he be followed with purity, without alcohol, without drugs, with just an open soul and he is rejected and left alone, the production is over. And we are left alone, too. Tommy is gone, just an actor in his stead. And his reflection. And the mime. All gone. And once again, we're in the world of mediocrity. But we don't want to go. We feel our clothes. We're dripping wet. We're exhausted. We've been completely satisfied and we're hooked. We want to come back again and again and again, so as to not let the experience be lost forever.

If you haven't seen TOMMY yet, throw away your doubts. No matter whether you're into rock or not, this is a theatrical experience you'll wait years to come close to and an experience of life you may never be able to duplicate. How a college can produce a theatrical production that surpasses even the *original* production of *Hair*—especially in a city that gives birth to *Knickerbocker Holiday*—is beyond my understanding. But one did. And thank God.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH by  
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## Windmills of my Mind

How many times have you been a stranger in a new city and without aid of one of the many Bar Guides available, were able to find a gay bar. Then at the same time upon arriving, was confronted by a bartender who's total interest was or seemed to be devoted totally to regular customers or himself or to high camp behind the bar. All of the aforementioned qualities are to be lauded and are an asset to any good bartender. The following is not a slam at any one particular bar or employee but most assuredly aimed at an attitude I do and have seen repeatedly in any of a number of clubs through-out our quaint little village. A village I might add, which draws pilgrims from across the nation.

I would imagine in our 70 odd bars, at least 60 of them have strangers who have heard all the wonders of the city and the joy to be found here, visiting their establishments at least twice in any given evening. More on weekends of course. Now, how many of these same strangers leave these establishments with the warm glow of friendship (not alcoholic) that we as a community hope to convey? One really can't blame the room, be it a dump or palace, large or small, expensive or well priced. The owner usually establishes house policy and type of clientele desired, and usually his role ends there unless he handles business during the daytime hours which is wise. Where then does the bulk of one's success lie in any bar? Yes it's true. With the bartender!

What are some of the qualities one looks for in a bartender? Let me see. Good-looking? Not an absolute but helpful. Good business head? A must I would say. Able to meet people? One would hope so. Fast? Depends on business. These are all the obvious of course. Let's look at the subject from another angle.

Let's look at this from the eye of Mr. New Arrival. Most folks with my knowledge are basically shy in a strange place. They seek any of a number of things



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upon entering a gay bar. Sex usually and possibly most obvious. Companionship and warmth I guess could come next. Maybe they are a bartender in their own city and are looking for new techniques or ideas they might employ in their cities. We have been known to be a trend setting city and I still believe imitation is still the best form of flattery. So for this person the bartender would of course be that source. This person could have dropped in merely knowing the bar was gay, but have a definite trip in mind and not actually be where he would like to be. What about him?

Bartenders, I feel have a most important role if not the most important role in any bar. It is more than that actually. Really it is a responsibility. Not only to his employer, but to the city, his area, his clientele, and when all this is done, his responsibility to himself (most important) is complete. A sense of pride should prevail when an InnKeep has greeted an old friend, a party of six, two newcomers, asked an obnoxious client to leave, remembered all of the afore-

mentioned's drinks, and then has a moment to introduce an out-of-towner to at least three different types. Said out-of-towner can now make his own choice. Or maybe innkeep can direct him to a place more to his liking. One isn't losing business when this occurs, since this individual most usually will say where he heard about said establishment and the bartender there, if he has some sense, will return the compliment and two people will have been made happy.

When one multiplies this by the numbers of bars and dinner houses in our city, it boggles the mind to think of the many happy people, bartenders, and barowners, to say nothing of the upgrading of our community by our own initiative and boot strap pulling. I guess if we think about it, we're really saying, Serve others as *you* would hope to be served. I think I've heard that somewhere before!!

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LOVE AND PEACE  
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# TWO ON THE AISLE by Jay Noonan

## Spangles, Stars & Charles Pierce

### EX-TRAV-A-GAN-ZA

(eks-trav'agan'za)

*n. an extravagant, farcical or fantastic composition, literary or musical.*

Sunday afternoons have always been a popular event for San Franciscans, gay or straight, add to that a popular entertainer, mix and serve with a lavish production and it makes for an enjoyable event. Such was so this past week as the Charles Pierce show rolled into BIMBO'S 365 Club, for a five day stand. It was greeted with much acclaim and hossanas, and from the performance I saw, Charles should garner 95 percent of them. As all shows have beginnings, Charles outshone them all. As the multiple curtains parted and rose there was Charles, seated in a sea of fog, dazzling the eye with gown and fan. What followed was an array of the best of Charles Pierce that was continuously funny. THE GILDED CAGE was a good school for Charles, and he has learned his lessons well, and transformed to the large stage at BIMBO'S he moved easily and effectively, taking advantage of space and curtain and audience. Everyone was in attendance, Bette Davis, Mae West, Eleanor Roosevelt and Katy Hepburn. Here was something for Charles the actor (or male actress as he prefers), his interpretation as Coco Chanel was nothing short of brilliant and if I was dismayed by hearing old



material and jokes, which I was, Charles erased it all with this splendid bit of artistry. While others were cheering and stomping their feet for more Jeanette McDonald, I was doing the same, but for more of the Coco style of material, as it was fresh and new and of the day. I'm not saying that the show's finale "San Francisco" was not great, it was what all were waiting for, but Charles proved with the Coco number that he was indeed a male actress.

Accompanying Mr. Pierce were

variety acts ranging from very poor to excellent. Outstanding were the antics of Rio Dante who was superb in all he did. The nun, on roller skates was pure joy. So nice to see you again Rio. The male song stylist was one Brian Avery, who I'm afraid had a bad case of inflated self image. Mr. Avery has a good, well sounding stage voice, but no one cares if you are gay or straight Mr. AVERY. Also no one really cares to hear that you are a member of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. That's why they have programs, so that your credits may be listed. Mr. Roy Gaynor whose impersonation of Carol Channing was excellent in both voice and looks, but I'm afraid his choice of song was a poor one. In the overture "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" was included, but not in the act. Also the montage was much too long and much too old, why not change? In almost four years of doing Carol Channing why must he say the same things he said at the Redwood Room eons ago? Also I might add word for word. The female song bird was Eileen Gallagher. Miss Gallagher has a beautiful voice and to hear her sing is always a pleasure, and she is also a strong asset to any production. But, Sunday afternoon was not one of Eileen's best, "Play Gypsies, Dance Gypsies" sounded a bit cold. The love aria from "Samson" fell short in the upper register, but I know how well Miss Gallagher does this so I'm sure it was just an off day. The musical accompaniment consisted of David Kelsey on organ, and Patty on drums, plus three brass men. Mr. Kelsey played and conducted with his usual high style and vigor. The lady drummer gets my vote for drummer of the year award (Playboy take notice), but with the addition of the brass it sounded like the Mission Follies. But I guess we must all bow to the musicians union.

The show must indeed be classified as a success for Charles and his able producer, Mr. Les Natali, who furnished the trappings. Eager audiences will be awaiting their return in August. Quality and good taste always win out in the end.

(Ed. Note—July 20 Charles will return to Bimbo's for a limited engagement.)

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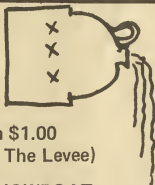
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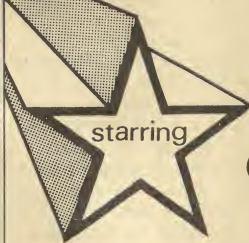
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Metropolitan Community Church was founded in Los Angeles in October, 1968 by a young gay minister, Reverend Troy Perry. Twelve persons attended that first worship service. Today, there are over twenty MCC churches and missions spread over half the globe, from Miami to Honolulu. Regular weekly attendance at the Los Angeles church alone exceeds 800!

The San Francisco congregation attributes its birthplace to JACKSON'S "Penthouse" where, on February 22, 1970, it held its first service with 19 persons in attendance. For six months, the fledgling congregation and its young pastor, Howard Wells, had to fight with the noise from the jukebox and "two screwdrivers and one gin and tonic" from downstairs as they worshipped a loving God, not an authoritarian, anti-sexual deity that the established church would have us believe.

Metropolitan Community Church of San Francisco quickly outgrew the "Penthouse" or "The Upper Room" as

MCC'ers called it, and moved into California Hall. Within six months, the burgeoning congregation grew out of its 200-seat meeting hall and at present is meeting in the main California Hall Auditorium with an average weekly attendance of well over 200 persons.

Why the rapid growth? The success of MCC can only be attributed to a sincere Christian ministry couched in terms of love and self-respect, not in "fire and brimstone" and rank church hypocrisy. At MCC, people really care about other people, regardless whether they are sexually appealing or not. The old and the young, the guys and the gals really relate to each other in love because they have learned to love themselves by developing dynamic personal relationships with Christ.

MCC'ers strive to express their loving faith through actions, not just by talking about it. As a result, don't be surprised if you run into someone on Polk Street at 2:00 A.M. who hands you a flyer stating "Take a trick to church!" or if the guy beside you in the bars or the baths asks you "How about coming to MCC with me Sunday?"

MCC is more than worship services. It's a community center at 1760 Market Street where depressed oldsters or confused youngsters out on their own for the first time can find a sympathetic person to help them. It's a group of people getting together to take food to a welfare recipient who finds out that his meager financial resources are shorter than the end of the month. It's a community sharing in fellowship at a picnic, dance, dinner, or skating party. It's a concerted effort to be a spiritual thorn in the side of established churches to wake them up to the fact that they are pushing "churchianity" instead of Christianity and in so doing, to help them open their doors to gays so we can close ours.

It's not MCC's business to "save" people; rather, the goal of MCC is to assist people to get over their hangups and egotrips so they can respond to how beautiful and purposeful life can be with Christ's love in their lives. We have a lot of love to share—it's yours for the asking!

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# GABBY'S GASSY GOSSIP.

Hi, all you beautiful people. This is Grande Czarina Gabby from the Peninsula.

Ran into Princess Royale, Storm at the P.S., in S.F., she was in a marvelous mood and had a very handsome date with her. The dinner was outstanding, even the waiters were in hot pants, it was enough to make you order two deserts.

Ken, Merle, and Terry, gave one of the finest parties I've ever attended. Congratulations guys it was a ball.

The last two Sundays we were guests of Darrel and Bobby Prettyman—they live up to their name—on their sail boat cruising S.F. Bay. They served fabulous food and drinks. Other guests were Bob Lobough, Don Gray, all of whom are my Royale Honor Guards—eat your hearts out girls.

A jet set party was given at the TINKER'S DAMN Sunday evening, hosted by High Chief and Chiefess of The Society Islands. Champagne flowed over giant strawberries flown in for the occasion by Sir George. The bar was transformed into a Hawaiian paradise. Myself and Prince Consort Dennis Clauson were guests of honor, a glittering affair. Thank you Ernest and Lolonie and Sir George and Jack.

My Royale Court and I attended the coronation at THE GALLEY. Looking beautiful as ever was Grandé Duchess Billy Diamond and Troy and the lovely Arvis and escort. I wore another gown from the movie, "Anne of a Thousand Days."

Don't forget the 1st annual G.G.T. Picnic sponsored by THE SAVOY and TINKER'S DAMN on June 27th—will be fun galore! Also see you at the Coittilion Ball at THE VILLAGE, June 26th.

Dick Foster and Bob Browning—love that name—are moving to Arizona—they'll be back—Steve Rego and Doug moved into a new lavish apartment on Winchester. Isn't love grand.

Had a fabulous steak dinner at THE SAVOY with Grande Czarina I, Sally

and Doug Oldfield. Be sure to try their drink THE SAVOY Special—Wow! We had a ball. Thanks again Sally.

We had a pre-show dinner at the Summer Palace. My guests included Bashka, Billy Diamond and Troy, Goldie Montana, Don Gray, Dennis Law, Doug Oldfield—Then flew up to the city to see Perry's show at THE VILLAGE. Empress Cristal looked fabulous—even out of drag—and Bob Ross seemed to be enjoying the show as much as we did.

Had a ball at THE LE CABERET Sat. night. Monty was behind the bar work-

ing his hair off. Saw Kika the Peninsula wonder with his guests from—there's that word again—Hawaii.

Who ever sent me those six dozen white roses forgot to enclose their name—thank you so much.

THE TINKER'S DAMN in Santa Clara has offered the Metropolitan Community Church their back room for rap sessions.

Downtown Sunnyvale had its annual summer art show held on the mall and the scenery was beautiful.

Have a fun! Fun! Summer

## What goes on in prison is a crime.



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**CZARINA  
de  
MIRACLE MILE**

I think the politicians responsible for this war should be tried as war criminals and taken out and hung. I reached this conclusion after the New York Times article. Up unto this I didn't actually have a definite opinion.

I think the Crime Commission did a good job on the report. It doesn't give you much hope the way the Mayor and the Chief try to put it down.

I think newspaper, radio and television news is a farce. I can just see the police or city hall cooperating with them in big news events if they knock them to much. In other words they play the game. KPIX-TV CBS news endorsed the Crime Commission Report. Yea! Right on KPIX.

I think it would be great if the COVERED WAGON could get the Cockettes for a show there. That new pool cover is great and makes so much more seating. By the way, yours truly is no longer part owner there.

I think it's wonderful that two spots give out about two thousand B.A.R.s each and every issue.

Dave's Baths and the Rendezvous—Thanks!

I think it's great the march on the State Capitol. I hope it's a great turnout. They hope to have 10,000 people. It could do more harm than good if the crowd is too small. We will give a full report next issue—Try to go there.

I think it is awful the letters we get with people trying to compare this paper with the *Advocate*. We agree the *Advocate* is the greatest gay newspaper there ever was, and we have no desire to try to compete with them. We are a local free paper that tries to report everything on the local Bay Area scene, with the amount of funds taken in for ads.

I think THE ROYAL SCANDALS will be a show not to miss. It is two hours long and moves very fast. Might win all the Golden Awards next year. If you can't get in Saturday the third of July be sure to go July 4th. I don't know at this time if it will play any other date.

I think I should explain my remarks about M.C.C. made in the last issue. We have tried to get a writer or Howard Wells to do an article about their church right from our fist issue. I'm happy to report he is now doing it. You will find his first one in this issue. I'm glad also because I was the first ten week sponsor of the gay cross. Also I paid for fifty chairs for their community center. I think some people got the wrong message from my column, but it worked and that's what's important. No more nasty letters—please.

You can get tickets for THE ROYAL SCANDALS at the following locations: RAMROD, KOKPIT, NEW BELL, JACKSON'S, COVERED WAGON, LEFT BANK.

United we stand divided, they will pick us up one by one.

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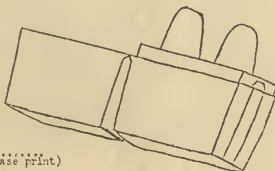
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ANNOUNCING

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## Sweetlips Sez



ROYAL SCANDAL!!! Told you one would get burnt toes!!! What was the Court Jester's car doing parked in front of Black Swan Hall at 2 A.M. while Cristal was at an anniversary party—unescorted by the Imperial Household.

Does anyone know the real name of The Dog Lady of Turk Street?? Seems she's opening a new bar in the Tenderloin—S.F.'s really newest FUN BAR.

Sunshine "The Picket Lady" offered me \$25.00 would you believe still making it at my age—33!!

Well, well—now there are three Dowager Empresses who have been arrested—seems as if the Baron went to bail the last one out and was promptly arrested too. Why don't people pay their traffic tickets when they get them—REMEMBER—United We Stand, Divided they pick us up one at a time.

THE PENDULUM sure has a good P.R. man in Shorty. Makes you want to go out there to see what's happening at the bar that started it all.

What aging bartender at the EARLY BIRD is serving Geritol cocktails? Does Hans really need them?

What Polk Street bar owner is so hungry for the "MARK" that he had to sell beer on the bus to the Tavern Guild meeting in Sacramento?

I wish to thank all the civic minded people that turned out to register to vote. Now all we have to do is get them to the poles on election day. Thank you Henry!!!

Jim Bonko of the P.S. has a new name now. Seems as if he wanted to attack a member of the cast of THE ROYAL SCANDALS but couldn't break down the bedroom door and had the window almost smash his fingers as he tried to climb through—such devotion from Jim "Chubby Chaser" Bonko!!

Gene Peck formerly of the YACHT CLUB—which won't permit any gay publications on their premises or join the Tavern Guild is going to manage THE MAGIC GARDEN which is AGAIN being remodeled as it was originally. Good Luck!!

Hank from the PAGE ONE is entertaining the cast of THE ROYAL SCANDALS at dinner at 5:30 P.M. on Saturday the 3rd of July prior to their opening night performance. Hope to see you all at both places. Kindly make my opening night flowers a "Lipstick" red.

What Imperial Minstrel receives a rose a day from the "After 2 A.M.

Czarina of Polk Street"—A former star, making a comeback.

NOW—About Aunt Millie and the TRIDENT—First I want to commend Millie for the exceptional job she is doing, both in her restaurant critiques and her delightfully readable Hors D'oeuvres. This in spite—or is it because?—of her past association with one of the most "understated" and underpaid "gourmet cooks" in the homophile community. One who is known to have only the kindest things to say about his competition's cuisine. Keep up the good work you lovable Portuguese Broad. However, I do take umbrage as regards her review of the TRIDENT. The TRIDENT is not a gay spot. This in itself should not except it from a review by our dear old Millie. The TRIDENT closed for six months one year in order to break a Union contract. A lot of "GAYS" were hurt by this. In the seven years prior to this the management USED many of us on a sometime basis. When I lived in Sausalito it was a standing joke that if you wanted booze in your Ramos Fizz you ordered it "with".

In these vastly competitive days I feel that dear old Millie might better spend her time dining and having a little nip of Bombay gin and start reviewing OUR little restaurants.

BYE

W B. A. R. W

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# with Brush in Hand T<sup>H</sup>E ARCHER

Was visiting Inez Fegguria this week-end to see the three pieces of recently purchased watercolors by Ronald Trent of Wisconsin. Of the three, *Nocturnal Fantasy* was by far the best of the three purchased. Remember the name, very collectable.

The BIZZARE on Church is having a sale for the next two weeks and is having a fantastic turnover. While one is shop/minding the other is out hauling it in. The late 19th c., three sconce candleabra is on sale for \$95. And am surprised that it has not been bought. It was a good buy at \$125.00. The furniture has been repriced at almost a forty percent discount, and some of the Price collection at fifty percent. Good pricing Ken, keep it up for the late scavengers.

Must bring to your attention the work of a local S.F. artist. Miss Lili Butler. Watercolor and ink. Fresh, and directly to the point. She is presently showing a few pieces with Mr. Tracy, at the Tao Gallery, 1825 Union, upstairs. This gallery just recently opened and the endeavor must be mentioned. It was designed to show the art at the best advantage. And by their apparent honest concern for the artist and the product, you cannot go wrong in stopping by for a few moments to say hello and shop around. Best of luck you two, and the poster advertisement giveaway is a good calling card.

Miss Franklyn is having another show at the Monkey Tree Gallery on Valencia in the near future, and will be advertised well in advance, so look for it and be sure to drop in.

This is all for this trip, but must mention the Perriwinkle Gallery on Pedro point, south of Pacifica. It just opened and is having a tremendous sale on inks, and washes on the S.F. Victorian scene. Cannot remember the name of the artists involved, but am expecting a flyer and will mention it next time around.

Adio  
a casual observer

B.A.R. (Bay Area Reporter)  
861-5019

Connie Cockroach said she had heard that Dixie the Trick was "horizontally inadequate." I immediately conducted an Archer Poll questioning everyone past the age of puberty. Results: 97% oohs and aahs. 2% arrived in town today and our lady the virgin Casey.

A view from the spectator section in the Oakland softball arena where MAUD'S played CHRISTIAN'S for the Jubilee Lions, included an awe inspiring vision of the East Bay dykes trying not to oogle the East Bay queers as they promenaded to and fro—Topless?

LEONARDA'S Peacocks had a love-in with the Sidetrack Sidewinders—2 to 0 in the 8th inning.

Sharon and Carol flew United to visit with Plain Tedda, star of stage, screen and radio. She sends her star-studded greetings.

I know a gal named Susan, Susan goes with Cappie, Cappie goes with Millie, Millie goes with Carol, Carol goes with Susan. What a team, what a team.

Alert—Renee watchers—she'll be coming over the mountain in about two weeks.

Everything is back to abnormal in the P.I.T. Scott's laughing and scratching with one eye on the register and the other on Nikki. Her son-in-law the waitress, that's Vikki or Miss Mouth with a lot of heart just pitches and pitches and pitches.

Dear "Thunder Pussy" smile! Some secrets will out won't they Nancy?

Up the staircase: Try, Whitey, Deno, Pat and Chris. Down the Staircase: Try Sandy, Judy, Joyce and Keel or try the local bailbondsmen.

Remember: if a frog had wings she wouldn't have to keep bumping her ass on the ground!

Don't Miss  
The Royal  
SCANDALS  
My Dear!



FOR GOOD TIMES

# PAGE ONE

FOR GOOD FOOD

# PAGE ONE

FOR GOOD DRINKS

# PAGE ONE

FOR GOOD  
ENTERTAINMENT

# PAGE ONE

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864-3576  
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Night Minister, S.F.  
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Psychedelic Venus Church, Berkeley  
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Parish Church  
441-4799  
Street Minister  
771-3366  
Tavern Guild  
781-1571

## letters from you

June 20, 1971

The Editors;

It would appear that everyone in town is writing columns, in which they review bars, restaurants and shows. We, my lover and I, are in no way professional critics or writers, but would like to express our views on the performance of two show groups at the PAGE ONE on Saturday, June 19th.

We went to PAGE ONE for dinner and to see the show "Perry and His Vector Boys". Having enjoyed the first performance so much, we decided to stay after dinner to see the second show. Much to our delight, the routines were different, which made it all the more enjoyable. It must have been very difficult for Perry and his cast to work in such a small area, but he certainly pulled it off with aplomb.

However, just at the start of the second show another show group started arriving after their own performance at BIMBO'S. It appeared that, to them, their entrance was more important than the performance in progress. And, when the Star arrived, he had no qualms about interrupting Perry's act. The rest of Perry's show was difficult to hear over the din emanating from the tables of the new arrivals.

After Perry's show finished, the other group spontaneously put on what we assumed to be excerpts from the show at BIMBO'S. It appeared to us to be very rude for one group to first interrupt another, and then try to out-shine them.

We had tickets to the Sunday performance at BIMBO'S, but after the display Saturday night we decided to unload them.

Perry, you were great, despite the interruptions. You are a true showman.

Sincerely,

John and Rich

Dick Myhre  
B.A.R.  
1550 Howard Street  
S.F., Calif. 94103

Re: Windmills—June 15th Edition

Dear Dick,

After reading your excellent response to J.B., I felt compelled to do something which I had never done before. Write a letter to a paper.

As you know, I was vice president of a S.F. Bike club, and was (frequently am—still) in my leather bag. I also have a closet full of dresses, another of straight (?) business clothes, as well as my leather and western attire. Now that I have copped out to being a "closet queen", I'll get to the point.

When the so-called "butch" cats get to screaming (?) about drag, I would remind them of something:

1. What "drag" really is, is a costume
2. What leather, as we know it is also a costume
3. What the western trip is (me too) is also a costume.

THEREFORE: IT IS ALL DRAG

I am not knocking anyone's trip, I can't because I dig them all. But what I am trying to say is that it takes about twenty minutes to slip into whatever scene I'm in the mood for at that particular time. I have no doubt that some of my brothers in leather will object to what I have said, but believe me, there are a hell of a lot more of them who are sensible enough to appreciate what I am saying.

I know several hundred leather enthusiasts who have never been on a bike. I've owned several.

I know even more who are in the western scene, and I'll damn well bet that there aren't a hell of a lot who have ever been near a horse. I rode the rodeo circuit as many of them know.

I know many drag queens (among others)

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who find the entire leather scene and all that it stand for, to be repugnant. My feelings to them are the same as they are to the J.B.'s of the other side.

Jose Sarria said something during a show that he did at the MAGIC GARDEN some months ago. I cannot quote it verbatim, but in essence "he" said:

"All of you leather boys please remember this. Years ago, when S.F. was up-tight about the gay scene, it was those "tired old drag queens" who led the fight, much as the civil rightists are doing today. They were the ones, out of their closets, who said to the S.F.P.D., Bust me, and then they fought. I do not know if J.B. is a San Franciscan, but let me enlighten him. In those days when you got busted, they did it L.A. style, printing your name, address, AND WHERE YOU WORKED in all the daily papers, and it was a real circus. So every time you pass a drag queen who is trying to do something, instead of passing judgement, say thanks. WITHOUT WHAT THEY DID THEN, AND ARE TRYING TO DO NOW, THERE WOULD BE NO "MIRACLE MILE, THERE WOULD NOT BE THE GENERAL ACCEPTANCE OF OUR COMMUNITY THAT THERE IS NOW, and as a matter of fact, there wouldn't be much of anything of the world that had been created and nurtured for ALL OF US, and BY ALL OF US.

Now, back to J.B.'s letter. Regarding prostitutes and those providing "services". Unless my eyes and ears belie me, it seems that the prostitutes and "services" are dominated by he-man types, who blatantly quote in their ads that leather, cowboy, S & M are their specialties. Albeit, there are some drag queens hustling the tenderloin and the meat rack. My question to you is, what is the ratio of hustling drag queens, to hustling "butch(?)" studs in the same area. Perhaps, with a little more understanding on the part of ALL of us, people like that would not be restricted to selling "services" for a living. Unfortunately, in this case, a knock is not a boost, but

another nail in our collective coffin. I do not dig street hustling in or out of drag, but I'd rather try to say or do something constructive about it rather than lay it on one quarter. Think about how many "butch" types have supplemented their income from time to time by a little side action.

Paragraph four of his letter to you stated that the bulk of the people picked up by the P.D. are mostly undesirable shits who carry on in public, making asses out of themselves, and who are no asset to any community. Thank you God for passing the judgement. But may I point out that there is more hanky-panky or whatever you choose to call it, in the so-called "butch" bars than ever a man in woman's attire (drag?) would dream of. I'm sorry J.B., you were such a bitch regarding drag queens, that you forgot the activities that S.F.T.G., S.I.R., many bike clubs, and also the drag queens, ARE ALL ASSETS TO THE COMMUNITY WHEN THEY PUT FORTH IN THEIR BUSINESSES AND ACTIVITIES FOR ALL THE COMMUNITY—while you choose to ignore the fact that you have overlooked—what indeed is in your own closet and back door.

Thank you Dickie, for putting up with my long windedness. But I am in the unique position of having been in almost all of those bags, and I'm not ashamed of any of them. Thank you also for being an asset to the entire community.

Thank you C.M.C. for all the good things you have done.

Thank you Cristal, for all the good things you are trying to do, in spite of the smallness of some of the thinking which seems to abound in some quarters.

Thank you San Franciscans, for the many things you are doing in an effort to improve our lot.

Thank you Shirley for the years of effort which you have never ceased to put out.

Thanks to all the bike clubs. We are enriched by your charitable efforts to the ENTIRE community.

Thank you Jose for the many well intentioned and good things you have given to San Francisco over these many years I have known you.

But most of all, thank all of you who try to pull, our community together. Even when you fail, you win, because you did care enough to try, rather than bitch.

I am a native San Franciscan, and proud of both my city, and my community. The time has come for us—WHATEVER DRAG WE MAY WEAR—to at least have the courtesy to let people enjoy their own scene—in their own way. There are sufficient detractors on the other side, without us doing it to each other. WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, WE ARE ALL BROTHERS AND SISTERS, TRY ACTING LIKE IT.

J.B., I hope you read the thank you's above. If you go down the list categorically, you will find sufficient numbers of both sides of the question who do contribute much. I haven't even mentioned the entertainers who make you laugh when you need it nor the many hours and much loot which they have all donated along with a lot of drag queens on many many occasions when it became necessary to go to the community for aid for bars and individuals, never asking what they were or where their head was. Now that is a ONENESS of community that you and others like you might try to emulate. Come out of your closets and be "you". As long as you are discreet in your "activities", the community will let you dig your scene, as long as you respect theirs.

I close saying this. "I am a leather guy. I am a cowboy "bona fide" I am a drag queen. But more importantly, I am a human being, who believes that everyone should be able to pick his own life style and enjoy it. Regardless. And it might surprise you to know J.B., that I'm also a pretty good man.

Jeff Hrock (Boy)

Roxanne (Girl)

Name given, because I believe in what I say, and do.

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# Imperial Bullshead

Did you realize, a very small percentage of our community set out to raise money. The amount of money raised was approximately fourteen thousand dollars.

Did you realize that only nine people received benefit of this money.

It seems to prove how we think and operate within ourselves. Much of these finances raised were raised on an emotional basis, through emotional involvement. Which we think is beautiful, but,

why is it, it seems so hard for us to get together on such things, as political involvement? Because politics are not emotionally motivated? We would think that this is not so. It certainly seems as if much of our emotional problems go way back to politics and our illegal form of life.

Would it not be interesting and beneficial to all, if we, as a group got together and took advantage of the fact that we have a crack in the door. If we got together as a group of one and gave our support to one candidate for the Board of Supervisors.

Get together as a group, of one, and not allow our first real chance for representation in our community government to be ruined by the impulsive decision of so many who desire to be elevated to a political capacity or TITLE.

In our present situation and state, we feel we must now take the time to think and choose just ONE!!!

Do not split our chances for representation by allowing so many candidates to separate our VOTE.

With this issue coming so alive, we must have unity.

OPEN DAILY 6AM

# THE GANGWAY

PRESENTS

Mr. San Francisco Contest on July 14th

The Gangway joins with Totie's and presents an old fashioned fourth of July celebration for your pleasure—Come join in the fun!

INFORMATION FOR MR. S.F.  
ENTRANTS at the GANGWAY

"Can't drop in? Then smile as you go by."

841 LARKIN

885-4441

## THINK, TALK AND LISTEN

Support just one.

With the Independence Day weekend upon us, we should think of our own Independence Day, which must be before us. Won't that be one hell of a celebration.

July 3 and 4th—THE ROYAL SCANDALS. If you enjoy camp, satire, and a good time this is for you. Saturday, the 3rd and the Premier Opening, the entire Portland Court will be present. This pleases us very much. Dress in the style which befits you least.

Look for the light in the sky, it's the COVERED WAGON—Show Time 9:00 P.M. Tickets are available at the RAMROD, KOKPIT, JACKSON'S, NEW BELL, COVERED WAGON, LEFT BANK.

Don't miss the July 4th Shoot Off in Larkin Lane. The GANGWAY and TOTIE'S have many plans going, really sounds fun. It's always fun when bars get together for an event. UNITY BRAVO!

July 13th—Tues. Allen Lloyd opens a new show at the P.S. This will be a great addition to that area.

July 14th—Wed. Join the Mr. San Francisco Contest at the GANGWAY. Who knows maybe he will be an Emperor.

My friends, be safe through this wild weekend coming and remember, United we stand, divided they will pick us up, one by one.

Love and Peace  
CRISTAL



"SOMETHING TO  
DOES YOUR HAIR  
OVER"—

DONT THROW  
\$\$\$  
AWAY!

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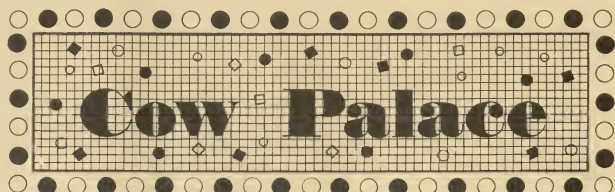
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# DOUBLE CROSSWORD

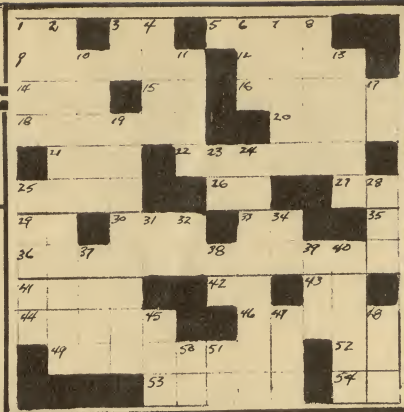
## ACROSS

1. Greek letter
3. Popular eating spot
5. Thing
9. Style of decor
12. God of love
14. Unit
15. World body, abbrev.
16. Volcano, var.
18. Pure pleasure
20. Mink
21. Oriental coin
22. Scalp used to scrape bone (var.) pl.
25. Part of a church
26. Get it --
27. Type of disc
29. Often said when size is seen
30. Old sol
33. Yes
35. First letter
36. Best way to do it
41. He was R.T. so he ---- upon me
42. Alaska (abbrev.)
43. Roundup mgr.
44. We ---- out the room after the Amyl
46. Russian aristocrat
49. Placed under c's to make them sound like s's (French)
52. Do, re, --
53. Flies high
54. Morning

## DOWN

1. And Cons
2. Crista's reign
3. River in Italy
4. ---- Bag
5. Myself
6. Lots of gays like these rooms
7. Hard and firm
8. ---- cycle
10. Gives in
11. Kind of quartz
13. Escargot
17. Where it's
19. Worst kind of sex
23. -- yo
24. Bob's
25. Main artery
28. -- as you go
31. Bottom's --
32. No response (abbrev.)
34. Exclamation of disgust
37. Heat of the matter
38. Old auntie (abbrev.)
39. You get this after 28 down
40. South American animal
45. -- enchanted
47. W.W. II org.
48. Buckley's favorite pastime
50. -- and behold, it's huge
51. Louisiana (abbrev.)

(Answer next issue)



# LOCO WEATHER REPORT

by Cecil Knockherworst Weatherbee

July-July-July is a very active month with warm winds breezing about town causing temperatures to remain at a comfortable level—This is surprising since this is the month of fireworks and independence, but, nevertheless one should take advantage of this weather and enjoy the varied gay festivities that are approaching—The foul weather that lingered on Larkin Street seems to be clearing up with the GANGWAY and TOTIE'S doing their thing on the fourth and fifth—It should be a real map Polish wedding—The sky should be blue for this event unless that delicious lovely frilly fluff-fluff red whirlwind from the Turk Street area gusts in.—Speaking of this red whirlwind what big beautiful buxom baby has been secretly lingering about like a fog and watching every move of this centrifugal force—Could be foul weather or a stand in??

THE ROYAL SCANDALS at the COVERED WAGON on the third and fourth should blanket the Folsom Street area with a conglomeration of hot and cold air blasts, voids, dark clouds, whirlwinds, dust storms, slides, spasmodic gushers, drafts, chills, upheavels, smog,

fog, tremors, quakes and some drizzle—All in all it should be an enjoyable weekend.—And since this is a super-imposing event it should not be ignored—Blankets are recommended—THE ROYAL SCANDALS cast is composed of a galaxy of stars representing different areas of San Francisco from Castro Gulch, Folsom Street, Tenderloin, Polk Gulch, Upper Grant, etc., etc., and that's a lot of weather, but each is a wind in themselves with temperamental weather conditions—a fun group to watch working together then off to their own individual thing—That's what you call beautiful weather people.

L.A. will have a short spell of Cristal showers when her Imperial Majesty will pay that city of smog a visit to represent San Francisco's gay scene in the Christopher Street Parade which is sponsored by the M.C.C.—That Reverend Troy Perry is a sunrise bursting with energy—Cristal will also be present at Los Angeles Maggie Awards.—United we stand divided they will pick us up one by one—The North Beach seems to be very spasmodic in the gay storms especially at BIMBO'S and THE VILLAGE—Past events saw a flaming spark and a charred cinder, that's the difference between a thunderstorm and a quell.

I hope THE SPOONFUL OF SUGAR is real, and not saccharine!!

A shower of entertainment will be presented at the P.S.'s new show room when Allan Lloyd appears in person stirring his dust storm—A beautiful fun person, a rose a day does that mean a luke warm romance?

Have fun on the holiday—Take Care—And be beautiful because I'm a yankee doodle dandy. Enjoy

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# THE BEAD READER

## A TRIP DOWN MAMMARY LANE

Oh waiter, waiter could you take my order please, I have a dead line to meet. I'll have a small No. 10 and a large glass of wine.

"What are you writing, are you going to school?"

"No, worse than that, I'm writing a column for B.A.R."

"Oh" I think I really impressed him.

It was along about 11 P.M. on Monday last, when we started our trip. Some friends wanted to hit Folsom Street. So we started at 6th. We entered the premises (as they say in police reports) to the strains of "You're Cheating Heart."

It was the "Sunset Ramblers" a four piece Drum set. (shades of the Pioneer Club, West Sacramento, 1954). This Club is multi level, has a fire place, a wheel of chance, actually its really hard to describe, suffice to say early garage sale. Horse collars, saddles etc. lots of etc. Wait, What is this, there is a guest in the audience, "a warm round of applause" We clapped. And then would you believe, Ann Carr. She is going to sing one of her own compositions. Granted the woman is 78 years old so you wouldn't expect too much would you. Well have you ever heard bourbon washing rocks in a sluice box. She took her own song, "How come you do me like you do me" and turned it every-way, inside, outside, turned it over, every way but loose, which is what she should have done with it. She's a spry old gal and I have to admire her guts, if not her voice. Have you ever heard a drill sergeant sing in the shower?

The bar was doing a brisk business (yes Virginia, one can be driven to drink). I had to assure one of my companions that the numbers standing around in leather were indeed butch, in fact, most of them didn't even take aspirin when they plucked their eyebrows. He also commented that many were wearing chains and straps and things, I told him that's what held them together (you may interpret that anyway you

like). All in all we did have a good time, due largely on the part of the groovy bartender, who, in spite of what seemed like insurmountable odds, kept up with the good vibes. It reminded me of the Saturday nights I spent in Alturus, shooting pool and drinking beer, and hoping the girl I was trying to pick-up would say no.

I'm not putting the place down, after all, camp, high or low can be beautiful.

Note to Diane: have you seen the slides they are showing? Wow!

\*I realise one tweezes eyebrows and plucks a turkey, don't argue semantics with me. I call 'um the way I see 'em.

## AN EVENING OUT

### TWTWTNSHB

(This Was The Week That Never Should Have Been)

I'm afraid all evenings or weeks can never be too great but one always looks for a silver lining.

The week I pertain to obviously had sent it's silver lining to the cleaners for not one bright spot ever came my way.

We were first invited to a sneak preview of a film, "Johnny Minitaur" at the Nob Hill Theatre now under the management of Ken Marlow. We supposedly were about to witness a cinema wonder. Well I wonder if Mr. Marlow screened it before we saw it. I hope not. There aren't enough bad things to say about it. I can't even call it erotic or pornographic. Wait, there was one bright spot in the film. A Greek boy playing the title role, I guess, became over passionate with a Casaba Melon. My comment, "They're passing all these new laws, they'll have to add a new one for having relations with consenting vegetables." Enough of filmdom.

My next trek for me was to the Val du Val show at the Alley Cat. A one time thing, thank goodness.

I waited to see something but alas—what can one say. I understand from those who know and have been here long enough—make it very clear that at

one time Mr. Du Val had his hand on the pulse of his type of entertainment—but unless one keeps up dating material a little—when one reaches for the pulse only a cadaver remains.

Our next trip for us was to "Tricia's Wedding" a film by the "Cock-ettes" There were some bright spots but on the whole I could have done without it.

The one thing I did kind of enjoy was—one of the shorts prior to the film. It was one of Nixon's 1952 speeches in which he said all the things he is still saying today. Even the hand gestures were the same.

Finally we went to the very publicized, maybe over-publicized, would be better, "Dearie Do You Remember". Starring you'll never guess who? Perry. The Vector Boys were heaven and needless to say brave. I know "try, try, again" is a good motto but really. Good manners don't hurt either. When one is so self involved with an unrecognized title and publicly announces said title introducing a foreign court and then says "Oh I see Cristal is here." I really wonder where her mind could have been. If she runs for whatever she usually runs for about now, I would hope she would find it, her brain that is. I would feel creepy being represented by this kind of thinking.

One would also hope a show would be rehearsed long enough so costume changes were on time and more important the (STAR) would know what she was doing so she wouldn't have to start a number again in front of a packed house of 30. I sure hope another week like that one never darkens our skies for a long time. Until, next time, a not so Kissy Diki is still saying...

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